BIRTHRIGHT Serial of Society, Millions, and Adventures of Two Girls

Dan Takes Vigorous Measures to Bring His Infatuated Sister to Her Senses, and Patricia, Forseeing Trouble for Beatrice, Backs Him Up.

By Kathleen Norris.

OTHER and son stared at M her in stupefaction. Pa-tricia saw the dark blood Author of "Mother," "The Heart of Rachel," "Sisters" and other Famous Stories.

ment there was no sound in the room but the cheery crackle of the fire. Then the man standing by the mantel laid his arm across it and dropped his face on his arm. "So that's it!" he said bitterly.
"You're his wife!"

DAN IS AMAZED. "I?" she repeated in sharp sur-"No, it's Helena. It's histhe woman we thought was his

Again Dan stared at her blankly, but the mother's voice broke the "My God! This will kill Pansy,

Dan," she said, her lips trembling. And suddenly firing, she added: way, to hurt a little girl that way? What right has he-

"He may have told her," Patricia suggested. But Dan shook his head. "She'd drop him like a hot brick!" he asserted. And with a darkening scowl he went on: "Well, this ends She musn't see him again!" He had gone to seat himself on an arm of his mother's chair, and had his arm about her shoulder; she was trembling and pale. "I'll have to get hold if her, that's the first ing," he decided, glancing at his watch, when Patricia had hurriedly repeated her whole talk with Helena. "We'll have to cut the

house party, I'm' afraid." "Call my cousin, 'Harry Eyre,' Patricia directed, "and explain that you are taking Beatrice with you to the Mountainhead cabin. Then we'll go get her at the Ingersoils. and she won't see Sidney tonight." Dan had reached for the telephone while she spoke. A moment later he put it down, and fear as well as bewilderment was in all their faces now. One of the Byre servants had answered it with the information that Marse Harry and Miss Emily had left yesterday to spend New Year's Day with his sis-

Then she'll be back here, Danny! She doesn't know it!" said Beatrice's nother agitatedly.

UTTER CONSTERNATION. "My God, I don't understand this!" he said, turning to Patricia. Before she could speak, Peacock came in with a message. Miss Beatrice had telephoned from Mrs. Ingersoll's, Mrs. Palmer, to say she was going home with Miss Cheney and would telephone in the morning. Miss Beatrice had been playing bridge and was in too much of a hurry to have her mother called to the telephone.

There was the silence of utter consternation in the room when the man was gone again. Then Mrs. Palmer began to cry. Dan and Patricia, both on their feet, spoke

There's something up. They're going away together!"
"His sister leaves at two. Perhaps they're going with her!" Patricia added as a rapid after

"She wouldn't do that, Danny! Pansy isn't like that," faltered his mother, catching at his sleeve. "You go now to the Ingarsolls.

Dan. Bring her home. Tell her

mamma's ill; God knows it's true!"

"Yes, get her, Patricia added de-dedly. "The thing is to get her eidedly. "The thing is to get her here and tell her the whole story. Don't frighten her, Dan, and don't anger her. Just bring her home."
With one quick nod, he was gone. They could hear the deep drumming

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you want a fresh, clean, healthy p, and plenty of thick, lustrous, i-looking hal, don't delay—start g Parisian Sade tonight. A large le is inexpensive at Peoples Drug

there was only waiting.
Mrs. Palmer's luncheon tray came in, and Patricia coaxed her to eat. And while she ate the two lamented, discussed, and analyzed this amazing affair with that secret, strange satisfaction that women feel even in calamity. Unimportant episodes of the past were full of new significance now, and half-forgotten words were solemnly

recalled. Patricia found herself rather relishing the position of be-loved and needed oldest daughter. Presently she telephoned Mrs. Throckmorton that she and the Palmers were to say good-by to Miss Hutchinson at 2, but would follow the others to Mountainhead

Dan telephoned; instantly both women were all alert. Beatrice was not at the Ingersolls', had not been there at al. Briefly, harshly, he demanded the hour at which Miss Hutchinson was to leave for Chicago. At 2, the girl told him. He had forty minutes in which to catch

FAITH IN DAN.

"Dan will stop them!" Patricia said, when, with a shaking hand, she had hung the receiver in its place. Both women were pale and frightened now.

"She wouldn't go away with him. deary! She isn't that sort!" Mrs. Palmer kept repeating. But the hard old hands were knotted together in agony as she spoke. "He's terribly fascinating," she said once, simply, "and Pansy ain't but

Two o'clock struck. The train was gone now, for good or ill. The women looked fearfully at each other. At a quarter past two Dan came

in. His face was ghastly. "Miss Hutchinson and the Rosses were on that train," he said, dropping into a chair. "My sister's somewherewith him-now!"

"Oh, no, Danny! Oh, no, dear!" the mother cried out in anguish. "My baby! He wouldn't take her, as innocent as a baby, when he couldn't make her his wife!"

Over Patricia's puzzled face a sudden light had broken. She had matched the telephone. That'. where they are!" she said eagerly, a minute later, putting the instruhave forgotten! They've taken the one-thirty train for Pemberton. They've gone up to Harry's shoot

And clinging to Dan's, arm, and firing him instantly with her own excitement, she told him all that she knew. "Ticky Raiston saw them buying tickets this morning! They took the train at half-past one, and are due there at half-past three! Dan, if we follow them in the car, we can catch them?"

HOT ON THE TRAIL. "You bet your life we can catch them!" he said, snatching up his

"Dan!" his mother said, rising to her full height, a magnificent pro-

of his engine a moment later. Then + test in her voice. "You ain't taking it for granted that your sister has Hutchinson! Shame on you! She's

just gone somewheres for lunch, and she'll be in any time now."

The man paused. But Patricia's anxious face did not brighten.

"Did he see his sister off?" she asked quickly. Dan's whole look

minded them.
"You don't know Pansy!" Mrs. Palmer said, breathing hard.

The older woman began to trem ble again and sat down weakly. "I guess she does!" she whispered.

as soon as the train! We'll bring her back.'

She glanced up to see Dan watching her. And at his look some-thing almost unbearably sweet flooded her heart with joy. But it

was to his mother he spoke.
"She's perfectly right, mother.

feet; now she stayed him with a shaking hand on his arm. "I'm going with you, dear. Ransy may low; she's only a litle girl, and she's never been in love before! But she'll do what mamma tells her to: she'll come back for me! Don't try to stop me, Danny, for I've got

on their way, with seventy miles Palmer and Patricia, furred to the ears, smiled in spite of themselves as the car flew over the silent roads. Once clear of the city. at 3 o'clock they were in the woods, mounting up and toward the sumaged the flapping guide-book.

"Curve right about watering-trough in fort," she would com-"There it is!" the spectacled and

five—only two more miles!"

Is Marriage a Success?

DO WOMEN MEASURE UP!

To Experience: Your letter was all bitterness You married young, I fancy, with golden girlhood dreams of an ideal man-dreams that no mere man could fulfill and if he could no woman would equal. We all dream dreams like that. Some of us acquire a little common sense as we grow older and learn a little more of life. Some of us who cannot face defeat grow bitter. I fancy you did that, and you let that atmosphere of bitter disappointment settle upon your home. I shouldn't wonder if you didn't nag

Why didn't you live the ideal life yourself and gradually, little by little, your husband would have yielded to your influence and lived up to what you expected of him. That is just what he is do-ing now—substituting "down" for "up." That is what they all do, I do firmly believe. Then is it not to a great degree our own fault? I have been disappointed sometimes, but I am like Emerson in that I can hold fast to my ideals even though the things I idealize fade away and are false. I shall marry some day, I hope, and with ideals that I shall have to strive with all my might to realise, I know. We cannot expect them to

be clothed miraculously while we sit by complacent. If I fall I shall take my share of blame, I hope. A man is not bad because he does not measure up to our ideals. What about the man's point of view? Do we measure up? EMERSON'S DISCIPLE.

WHAT SHE THINKS HE IS. TO INTERESTED READER: After all it is a good thing that sown wild oats—and perhaps is still sowing them, as there are so many nore of that kind of men than real

In fact they make the best husbands because they have met with many different types of women, consequently understand them bet-

BOOKS

Clarence Budington Kelland, whose new book, "Scattergood Baines," has just been put out by the Harpers, says that it was in a hard school that he acquired the intimate knowledge of New England shrewdness that enabled him to write this story of a Yankee "David Harum" who finds that the best way to make money is to "let smarter folks 'n you be make it for you." Mr. Kelland is interested in a New England company which manufactures wooden articles a business which requires that the factories be set up in back country villages near to the forests from which they draw their supply of wood. The creator of "Scattergood" speaks with the despest respect, not to say sorrow, of the native business acumen of the in-habitants which the coming of one

darkened again. He shook his head. "And Beatrice sent that message to Peacock," Patricia re-

"But I know she loves him," the girl's voice pleaded. "People aren't sane when they are in love!"

tears on her face. "Don't worry," Patricia said, with a daughterly arm about the bowed shoulders. "We'll be there almost

We can get there almost as soon as they do! Mrs. Palmer had risen to her

Fifteen minutes later they were

to cover in less than an hour. Mrs. there was nothing to interrupt the steady, resonant hum of the engine; mit of the range. Patricia man-

capped vision that was Dan would mutter. "Yes?"

"Well, then come about two miles on good dirt road, into Grant's Hill." Patricia would proceed. Dan, we have only twieve nine

It was just 4 o'clock when the car was stopped with a grating scrape at the little wooden station at Pemberton. It was set in a crude clearing surrounded by pines and especially desolate now in the first timid fall of nowflakes. Dan An agent appeared from the small

office. The one-thirty from Deerbridge had not yet arrived; she was late, he informed them. Miracle of miracles, they were in time! Copyright, International Magazine Co. To Be Continued Tomorrow.

much higher than anything with intrinsic value, such as kind words,

compliments, commendation, more readily than a man who has led a strictly clean, moral life. As a rule

the latter are reticent in those things dear to the heart of a wom-

anly woman; and are often the kind who "Wait to carve it on a stone."

to be all that is good. Nature has

arranged that women may not enjoy the same license as men, so why

blame poor man? There will be a

man might be morally everything one could wish, yet, you could nev-

Maryland

Cooking

Recipes From the Mal-

wood Cook

Book.

STUFFED COOKIES.

teaspoonfuls baking powder.

dough to each cookie, one for the

piece and press the edges together.

Cook until thick, then cool.
-Mrs. Guy Gaither.

PRUIT CREAM CAKE.

wr sorap book

teaspoonful vanilla.

2 cups suger. cup butter.

cup milk.

Salt. Nutmeg.

Bake in a quick oven. FILLING.

cup water.

cup sugar.

2 cups chopped raisins.

2 tablespoonfuls flour. Flavor with lemon juice.

I egg. Butter, size of an egg.

teaspoonful sinnamor

cup cream, teaspoonful seds,

nutmeg grated.

oups flour, eupe

Yes, men always want their wives

Willard was the one who really did not care. Besides, I had his word for it." "And what about Texas Tiger? I asked as soon as we were seated at the table. "I'm dying to know." "In a way, it's a pretty sad story," Willard answered. For a few min-Then he continued: Tts curious, isn't it, Edy, how a woman can make a fool out of a man?" You will find that such a man "Meaning whom?" I asked, in a will give the things a woman holds

one which indicated that I considered myself involved. "Not meaning you, Edy," he said, admitting that they've been times when you've made all kinds of a fool out of me. But I referred pas-

We talked a few minutes before

Alvarez went into the building and

we walked on over toward the De-

"Why didn't you tell me you knew Alvarez" I asked, perhaps a

bit irritatedly. I didn't feel that

Willard had been just square in not telling me. "And why did you ask

me to introduce you-if you al-ready knew him?"

TEXAS TIGER SENT TO NEW YORK.

lard answered. "I met him after I told you I wanted to know him-

through another source. Since then

I judged that that "other source"

meant Juanita. But I didn't put the

thought into words. I was too anx-

ious to hear what Willard had to

tell me about "Texas Tiger" to argue with him—even about Juani'a.

And somehow I was beginning to

lose all feeling of jealousy about

her. "It didn't seem quite reason-able that three men should be craxy

about her-Alvarez, Texas Tiger and Willard. And it suited me just

as well to believe that of the three

"I didn't already know him," Wil-

partment of Interior.

The Hundred Dollar Question



"YES, INDEED, WE'RE OLD FRIENDS," SAID WILLARD.

ticularly to Texas Tiger and to-Juanita." "Where is he now!" I asked. "Tonight he's in New York," Willard answered. "I sent him up there he thinks on a mission connected with the case we're working on—but I really sent nim to get him out of the way for a few

days until I need him." You expect to need him?" I "Perhans" Willard answered laconically. "But I was to tell you," ne said, "about "Texas Tiger' and Juanita.

STORY OF TEXAS TIGER. Then he launched into his story. Except for the characters it wasn't a new story. It was ratner an old one. "Texas Tiger" had been happy on

anch in Texas. He had never looked covertously on any woman in his life. He loved his cattle, he had thought all of the love in his nature nad been given to them-and to his life in the Then he met Juanita. He met her typically in a dance hall in a typical little Texas ranch town.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

CARLT. THONER

This serial story has no name. The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title.

Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last installment has gestions for titles. The title must consist of three words or less.

Story Written By

Winnie Davis Freeman Copyright by The Washington Times.

Don't Write Letters Is Advice OF A VERY OLD MAN

He was a very old man, in the neighborhood of 100 years and just before he passed away he called his three sons and their fami-lies to the bedside, and to his fifteen or twenty grandsons he spoke as

"Young men, I am full of years and experience. I have tasted many of the joys and sorrows which come to the average man. I have prospered and I have suffered, but all the trouble that I have ever had in the world has come from the writing of letters.

A man will put more fool things into a letter than he ever knew were in his head. Writing letters got me into seven slander suits, three breach of promise suits, nine injunctions and four involun-tary bankruptcies, to say nothing of several marriages that I could have got along very well without

TELL EM OVER PHONE. Whenever I sat down to write a letter I stuffed it so full of insanities that they haunted me for weeks afterward. And I never yet dropped a letter into the mail box that I didn't instantly wish I could fish it out again and tear it up. Tear your letters up before you drop them in and you will be happy and successful and will sleep o' nights. If you must express your opinions,

Prize Cake Recipes.

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest-Clip Them.

DEVIL CAKE. 1 teaspoonful butter, melted.

1 cup sugar.

1 teapsoonful vanilla. 4 cup milk. 1% cup flour.

14 dup milk. 2 yolks egg.

2 ounces chocolate. 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in teaspoonful of water.

To the melted butter add the sugar. Mix thoroughly. Alternately add the flour and milk. Beat. Add the vanilla after this is done. Grate the chocolate and add it to the milk and beaten yolk egg. Put on the stove in a double toiler and let cook until thick.

the recipe is thoroughly mixed, add this to it. Add the sods dissolved in cold water to the mixture. Beat well, and put in greased, floured cake pans to cook in a hot oven for about fifteen minutes.

When thick and the first part of

BOILED ICING. 1 cup cugar. I 2 whites of egg.

Put the sugar and water in smooth sauce pan. Let boil until while cooking. Beat the white of an egg and add the mixture to it, the time. Add the vanilla and beat the mixture until thick enough to

speech, talk on your hands or anything else, even learn the wig-wag system—but for the love of your poor, old grandfather, don't write. This advice is the richest heritage I could possibly leave you."

And the old man, whose life had been full of trouble, quietly passed away, and the fifteen or twenty grandsons immediately started out and began writing letters. The letter-writing habit has the hooch and drug habits backed off the boards, and there isn't an habitual letter writer in the world who doesn't put his foot in it at least three times a week.

GETS SLOPPY.

If he is writing a love letter he gets sloppy and makes a monkey of himself; if he writing for a position he gets in some bad spelling and grammar; if he is writing to a friend he brags about himself he says something slanderous or libelous; if he is writing to a news paper he makes some mistake is dates or figures, which calls for twenty replies from others whe know more about the subject that he does; if he is writing the gas company about the meter he is writing about something of which he is densely ignorant; if he is writing to his Congressman he spells the Congressman's name

It may take hours to get a tele-phone connection, but it is better

Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. SAVING AND THE GIRL DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

For three years I have been go ing out with a young lady eight months my senior. We love each other very much, but about three months ago her mother wanted an accounting of the money I was earning. After explaining to her that I was not saving, she forbade her daughter to see me again. She has tried every possible way to convince her mother that I am doing my best, as I am in business for myself for the last two months. but she will not listen. PUZZLED

Naturally a mother feels concern as to her daughter's future. Even if you saved only a dollar or two a week, the fact that you were far-sighted and equtious enough te save would reassure the mother. But if you spend all you make. what happens when a rainy day forward talk with the mother and convince her that you have enough prudence and common sense to look after her daughter's future?

German Potash

Potash in Germany occurs in the form of a rock salt and runs in seams of thirty feet or more in the same consistency as the com mon rock salt of commerce, and its grinding is easy. The depths at which the true potash deposits are situated make it necessary to sink shafts leading to levels of as much as 5,000 feet below the

THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG DESTROYS HIS OWN EVIDENCE-



wheat day." Most people do not eat enough wheat—the food of

A National Wheat Day

Every day is a "national

health and strength. But be sure you eat the whole wheat.

Shredded Wheat

is 100 per cent whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. It is a builder of muscle, brain and bone. Eaten with milk for breakfast it puts you "on your toes" for the day's work.

Delicious for any meal with berries or other fruits. Two biscuits make a nourishing meal.

